WOMAN'S PAGE

GEN. PHILIP SCHUYLER'S WIFE

Colonial Dame Who Is Known as the Gentlewoman of the Revolution.

Catharine Schuyler the wife of Gen Philip Schuyler, was the gentlewoman of the Revolution. All that wealth, culture, social position and the education of the time could give were hers. The only daughter of John Van Rensselaer, the "patroon" of Greenbush, from her earliest years she had known the possession of wealth, and the lavish generosity and hospitality which marked her father's home left their impress upon her. Indeed, the father was known as too liberal a man even to collect the just dues from his tenants, and the anti-rent struggles which almost convulsed New York in later years were by many traced directly to the lavish bounty of the Van Rensselaer home, which disbursed on every side, not always wisely nor too well. But generous as John Van Rensselaer was to those who were dependent upon him, his beautiful daughter, Catharine, received far more from him, for all that he had was hers. She shared in the management of his vast estates, was taught to play the part of the Lady Bountiful, and was the idol of her father, and the favorite in all the region. She learned to speak fluently several languages beside her own, and was accomplished in all the arts of the finer life. And yet she was never spoiled. She seemed to give the lie to the current proverb that wealth robs young people of power, for all that money could give only increased her strength of character and generous disposition. Refined, cultured, and yet strong, she was like a piece of finest steel, which is all the stronger because it has the highest temper.

It was only natural that Philip Schuyler, whose ancestors had dwelt for 100 years nearby at Albany, should be drawn to this beautiful girl. And when they were married it seemed to be the union of what was best and truest in all the region. For Philip Schuyler was one of the finest types of the gentleman the rough new world has yet produced. Wealth he had, but how he regarded money can be judged from the fact that by the right of primogeniture he inherited all the vast possessions of his father, but he at once divided his inheritance among his brothers and sisters, although legally not one of them had any claim upon him. His growing power had already brought him into prominence, and when the young officer with his noble presence, strong mind, and courteous manners, brought the slender, lovely girl to Albany as his wife, the new home at once became the center of all that was best in the quaint Dutch town.

Philip Schuyler was compelled to go abroad in 1760, and the beautiful mansion he was erecting was left uncompleted. But his wife was equal to the emergency and at once assumed the direction of affairs. Steadily the work went on, Catharine Schuyler superintending all the details and it was not long before the nobled welling was completed. As both husband and wife were of Dutch descent, the Dutch style predominated in the quaint building, and when Philip returned it was to find the work done and his own unexpressed wishes and tastes all understood and translated into being by his wife. The old house stood on the corner of State and Washington streets until a little after 1800. In it Mrs. Schuyler was hostess to many of the leading officers, and at one time fourteen captive French officials were held there on parole. How thoroughly they appreciated the gentleness and kindness of Mrs. Schuyler we shall learn further on.

Unlike Lucy Knox, Catharine Schuyler had no social ambitions. Her home, her children and her friends were her all. And perhaps just because she did not try to push herself into public life, she was the more in demand. The children came rapidly with her home, but she never allowed even her social duties to interfere with her duties as a mother. There are two stories recorded, however, which show that with all her gracious and gentle manners she could act with decision and promptness when the occasion demanded. Near Saratoga, Gen. Schuyler had a handsome country residence. In the time of Burgoyne's invasion this was threatened, and was, as we know, afterward burned by the order of the British general. But when the word came that ruin threatened it, as her husband was with the army, she would trust no one to remove the furniture, which was made up of many heirlooms of the families on both sides, and, ordering her carriage, started herself for the country place to supervise the removal.

While she was there he husband sent her word that he wished all the wheat on his place to be burned to prevent it from falling into possession of the British. With her own hands Mrs. Schuyler set fire to the standing wheat on her husband's place, and then called upon all his tenants to follow her example, and the cloud of smoke that soon came rolling in showed that her own example was not without influence.

Philip Schuyler, in spite of his generous ways and true heart, had made enemies. The New England men were jealous of him, and Gen Gates, the pretty little dandy, was doing all in his power to supersede him. For a time Gen. Gates succeeded, and Schuyler was relieved of his command, but, indignantly demanding an investigation, he was acquitted and restored. But it was only for a brief time, as Gates again succeeded, and held the position which was Schuyler's by every right. Here the influence of Catharine Schuyler came in. With full confidence in the ability of her husband, she added her words of comfort, and helped to hold him steady in the line of duty. Benedict Arnold, under similar circumstances, found no help in the light-hearted and lighter headed woman who was his wife, and fell. Philip Schuyler turned to his wife in his time of trial, and his own generous heart was strengthened and upheld by her counsel to play the man and wait. Today the name of Schuyler is venerated, while that of Arnold is hated, but who knows how much each of them owed his wife, the one that he fell and the other that he rose? Washington believed in Schuyler all the time, and his confidence was not misplaced, for Philip Schuyler remained true to his country and her cause because he was true to himself, and, I think I can add, true to his wife. Until the struggle was ended he was the friend and counsellor of Washington and the trusted ally of the colonies.

In the winter of 1780 Gen. Schuyler spent some time with Washington at Morristown. A house was assigned him, and there, with a portion of his family, he remained several weeks. Alexander Hamilton, Washington's aide and military secretary, became very strongly attached to Catharine Schuyler's daughter, Elizabeth, and spent many evenings in their home. One night, when he was returning to the camp, he was halted by the sentinel, who recognized him, but demanded the countersign. Young Hamilton's head was so filled with the thoughts of Miss Schuyler that there was no room for anything else, and he could not think of the necessary word. The sentinel thought he was being tested, and remained obstinate. Hamilton could not pass without the countersign. Suddenly he recognized a boy to whom he had given the magic word, so that he could play within and without the camp, and, calling him, gained the desired word and entered. But his forgetfulness was the source of endless jokes by Catharine Schuyler, who was strongly attached to young Hamilton, and not long after cordially welcomed him as her son-in-law.

After Gen. Schuyler gave up his position he resided at Albany, and was of great use to Washington in many ways. At that time there was a disposition on the part of many of the Tories to kidnap prominent Whigs and send them as prisoners to Canada, and Philip Schuyler was to be one of the victims. For a week or more the miscreants kept watch on his place, but the general had been warned and was on his guard. But at last the band made a quick onslaught one evening and the family rushed upstairs, the general standing by one of the windows and firing at the rascals below. In a moment the house was filled by the ruffians, but the plate in the dining-room was their first object. Suddenly Catharine Schuyler thought of her baby, left in the room below, each member of the family thinking some other had brought it. In a moment the frantic mother, all forgetful of herself, started to go below and rescue her baby, but the generous, sturdy hand interposed. It would be death for her and the child, too. But her grown daughter, Margaret, slipped by them both, and in a moment brought the infant, still sleeping, in safety to the room above, and had frightened away the miscreants, who had mistaken her for a servant, by declaring that armed men were then on the way from Albany.

At the time when Burgoyne surrendered he and his staff were received at the home of Gen. Schuyler by his wife. She entertained them as if they were guests. Burgoyne himself, overcome by her kindness, when he thought of the destruction of their country place, which had been done by his order, tried to murmur his thanks and apologies, but Catharine Schuyler graciously passed his words by. When he repeated them to the general, he was told that "such was the fortune of war." Twenty covers daily were laid for these "guests," and after their return to England they sang the praises of Philip Schuyler and his wife to all. One of the guests was a Hessian, and his child, speaking in German to his mother one day, asked: "Is this the house papa was to have when we came to America?" His mother flushed, as she saw that Mrs. Schuyler understood the language, and tried to apologize, but again the perfect lady showed her breeding, and the guest was made to feel at home.

The Tory papers made great sport of Mrs. Schuyler for her loyalty to the colonies, one paper declaring that she even insisted upon thirteen hairs being left upon her husband's bald pate, so that she could twist them into one, as the thirteen colonies were to be. But Catharine Schuyler was content. She could afford to look down and be benignant.

She died before her husband, and her loss and that of her son-in-law, Alexander Hamilton, in the tragic affair with Burr, so wore upon his heart that Gen. Schuyler soon followed his wife, who is still remembered as the gentlewoman of the Revolution, for hers was the gentleness of power.

The Queen and the Middy.

"I was being shown over the royal yacht at Portsmouth by an admiral, and he explained the various points of interest. At last we came to the Queen's cabin. 'Here,' said he, 'is where the Queen found a middy trying on her bonnet at the looking-glass, and she gave him a box on the ears, which resounded right away to the quarter deck.' 'Well,' I said, 'that was better than ruining his career for a boyish prank.' 'Oh!' he replied, 'he didn't get off with a smack. He was sent home next day, and his people were given a hint to take his name off the books at once. It was a pity, for he was a jolly little fellow and didn't mean any harm.'"—London Figaro.

A DOCTOR OF FLOWERS.

What Is Being Done at Washington to Aid Florists and Gardeners.

The most recent development of the Agricultural Department at Washington is a division of vegetable pathology where plant diseases are as carefully investigated and definitely classified as animal ailments, to which indeed they bear a striking resemblance.

The first step in the process is to study the vital activity of plants under varying conditions, for it is necessary to learn their way of living in order to properly understand each one of their vital functions. A separate room is therefore equipped for the artificial manufacture of all kinds of climate and the study of environmental forces upon sickly as well as healthy plants.

Here in a large glass case any kind of weather may be artificially manufactured merely by the turning of levers or opening of spiggots. Thus plants may be grown under the same conditions as at the north pole or the equator, upon a high mountain or in a deep valley, in sunshine or rain, in badly ventilated rooms or the purest air.

Here, too, they have all sorts of paraphernalia for inoculating plants with disease germs and feeding them improper food. The doctor is constantly subjecting creatures from the vegetable kingdom to the thousand and one diseases that every year destroy farmers' crops and florists' gardens. When, by repeated experiments, the nature of a disease is understood and the means of resisting it discovered, the information is committed to bulletins and placed within easy reach of every grower in the country: for the great aim of the work is to learn to so regulate conditions of environment as to make the plant less susceptible to disease, and thus more valuable from the commercial standpoint. For example, when rust, the most destructive of wheat diseases, was recently devastating American crops, the Department of Agriculture sent to all parts of the world where wheat is grown and collected 1,000 samples of different species. These were planted and every day sprinkled over with the baneful microbes, for the purpose of finding a variety strong enough to resist the disease—or, in other words, one that would not fall sick when inoculated with rust.

An interesting experiment that was going on during the writer's visit was for the purpose of discovering the cause of a disease that has this season appeared for the first time on the foliage of maple trees in Brooklyn. There was a theory to the effect that it might be caused by beetles. In a properly ventilated glass case, therefore, were some twigs of the tree, excluded from all associations other than that of the suspected insect. It is predicted that a verdict of "not guilty" will be rendered.

The magnificent results of the work, however, do not end with the vegetable kingdom. A close study of cells has revealed to scientists the slight difference between the highest plant and lowest animal life, and any law that may be discovered governing the disease of plants has a most important bearing upon those of individuals.

It is a well recognized fact that there is nothing in a plant that corresponds to sight and touch are much keener than the corresponding senses in either animals or individuals. That is to say, they respond to light and heat rays quite outside the reach of highly organized animal life.

The department is now giving special attention to the diseases of roses, lilies, violets, and carnations, embracing in their investigations the larger question of hereditary disease. They are growing side by side under exactly the same conditions plants taken from unhealthy and healthy stock, trying to ascertain whether they can overcome the tendency to disease or whether it is so fixed in the plant as to make it impossible to eradicate it. So far they have proved that slips taken from diseased roses, carnations, and violets and bulbs from diseased lilies are weaker and more subject to sickness than those taken from healthy specimens of the same plant. The same, however, is not equally true of seed. While the seeds from diseased plants are not as vigorous as those from healthy ones, they are little if any more subject to illness.

If it can be proven that in plants an acquired character, produced in its life by the influence of environment upon it, is ever inherited, the question of the inheritance of certain diseases in individuals will also be settled. The most important truth yet reached is that if any or all these plants are grown under good conditions, given plenty of food in the soil and a sufficient amount of water, they will usually be able to resist the attacks of their so-called hereditary enemies. Take the rose, for example. If it is kept in rich soil, abundantly watered and carefully pruned back every autumn, insects and fungus, its two arch-enemies, can make very little headway against it.

If insects do appear, a quantity of ground tobacco stems thrown over the bush and left for two or three days is sufficient to kill them. Another very good method is to throw a big piece of cloth over the bush and burn underneath it a few handfuls of tobacco leaves.

Plants are extremely susceptible to bad ventilation, as an interesting experiment showed. A violet plant was allowed to remain for a time under a bell-glass jar, from which fresh air was excluded, and then sprinkled with germs known to be injurious to violets. The poor little victim to science soon broke out in yellow spots, while the same germs sprayed upon a vigorous plant, whose system had not been pulled down by bad ventilation, produced almost no effect.

Among the numerous patients in the hospitals, none claimed more tender care from the doctor than the lilies, of whose diseases he was making a special study. With the trained eye and hand of an expert, he succeeded in removing with the point of his knife the tiniest speck of green from a leaf of the same shade. This infinitesimal form of life under a powerful microscope revealed the large red eyes, pointed beak and sprawling legs of the deadly parasite against which the doctor was aiming the whole force of his knowledge.

The doctor of plants took occasion during the afternoon to greatly deprecate the manner in which trees are constantly being pruned in public squares and parks all over the country.

A tree thus pruned may put forth fresh shoots the first season or two, but such severe cutting back weakens its vitality, stunts its growth, and in two or three years reduces what was once a beautiful tree to an unsightly brush heap.

A HOMEMADE APOTHECA.

The wise and prudent woman is she who when taking her walks afield gathers the simples and herbs which should be found in every home dispensary.

The healing efficacy of many herbs is so well known that one need not be a skilled herbalist. There are even weeds, the nettle, for instance, which the novice would at first scarcely think proper for a place in the little apotheca. Although much maligned, they are a panacea for rheumatism. Gather fresh nettle leaves, dry them and make into tea.

Violet leaves boiled in vinegar will heal gout.

Twine blossom tea is the best known remedy for producing perspiration.

The blossoms of the mullein made into a decoction is a useful throat gargle.

Silverweed tea renders good service in case of tetanus.

Wild angelica is recommended for heartburn—an extract being made by boiling its roots, seeds and leaves.

Juniper berries, used for fumigation, make an agreeable odor; they also work with similar effect taken internally. The berries fumigate the mouth and stomach and ward off contagion. Those who nurse fever-stricken patients should chew a few juniper berries—six to ten a day. They burn up, as it were, the harmful miasms.

Strawberry leaf decoction will cure skin eruptions arising from morbid blood; it also assists a torpid liver.

Sage purifies the liver and kidneys.

Wormwood relieves seasickness.

Tea made of the leaves, blossoms, berries, bark or roots of the common elder is a protection against malarial fever.

Eyebright, that salutarious little herb, makes an excellent wash for the eyes—the dried and pulverized leaves being made into a tea for the purpose.

Gentian roots, well dried, cut into small pieces, and put in brandy, relieve cramps in the stomach; nausea and attacks of faintness are removed by taking a teaspoonful of tincture of gentian in water.

Tincture of bilberries is indispensable for the apotheca. A handful put into a bottle of good brandy is a mild but good remedy for dysentery.

Coltsfoot tea purifies the chest and lungs, and is a remedy for asthma and coughs.

The spicy scent of the water mint clearly indicates that this little herb occupies an important place among medicinal plants. If suffering from a violent headache, bind mint leaves across the forehead; mint tea prepared with half water and half wine, assists the digestion and cleanses and purifies the breath.

THE GOLF GIRL.

VACATION TRIPS.

Picture Hats and Photographs Not Needed—The New Cycling Skirt.

New York, June 25.—The biking maid of '97 has bid farewell to conventionality and has elected, when the time shall arrive for her summer outing, to pedal a way in search of green fields and pastures new on a genuine "diamond-frame" wheel.

Her decision in favor of a man's wheel is not a mere fad, like red tires and ribbon rosettes, but the outcome of a serious study of the relative merits of the "drop" and "diamond" frames. She has found out, in the first place, that the "diamond frame" is from $5 to $10 cheaper than the same grade of machine in a "drop frame," and that it is safer and stronger as well, for it has the additional support of the straight top bar, which in a woman's wheel is lowered to make room for drapery. This same useful bar makes a "diamond-frame" wheel the only one adapted to long country rides, where extra luggage is a necessity; hence its sudden popularity with the bicycle summer girl. There is no possible means of fastening a luggage carrier on a "drop-frame" wheel beyond the mere strapping of an extra wrap behind her saddle, while to carry a knapsack strung over the shoulder is at once ungraceful and fatiguing. So the sensible girl will ride a "diamond-frame" bike for her trip through the country this summer, and she will find that she can make better speed on a level road, can take an up-grade with far greater ease and can "scorch" into the arms of the law with a facility unknown in the old "drop-frame" days.

But her principal reason for borrowing her brother's wheel for her summer trip is because with it she can be her own express company.

With the properly shaped luggage-carrier, packed with reference to comfort rather than style, the necessary paraphernalia for a two weeks' outing can be easily stowed away without in the least inconveniencing the rider or adding materially to the weight of the wheel. The package is always strapped to the straight upper bar, and should never be a homemade affair, uneven in proportion and bulky in appearance. The wisest plan is to purchase a luggage-carrier, made to fit in the space of the diamond. These can be gotten at any sporting goods house, in canvas for $2.50, or in leather for $4. It is economy to invest in a leather carrier for a long trip on account of chance showers.

Now for the contents of carrier. Never pack away the jacket or wrap of the bicycle suit, as in case of wind or rain it is apt to be needed in a hurry, and it is far easier to unstrap it from the back of the saddle than to open up the carrier.

If the vacation trip is to include social advantages, pack first in the carrier a lightweight silk skirt and a pretty lawn waist, with sash, neckgear, and handkerchiefs; next, at least four pairs of lawn linings for bloomers, four lisle-thread undervests, a half-dozen pairs of stockings, a pair of dancing slippers, two thin cambric night-dresses, one pair of lightweight rubbers for promenading beside the wheel on wet days, and, if there is an inch of room left, tuck in a lightweight mackintosh.

It goes without saying that space must be left for toilet articles, for a small flask of toilet water and for a still smaller flask of brandy.

Notice this list of things not to take: Stationery, stiff collars and cuffs, a "picture hat," ink, kid gloves, starched skirts, jewelry, books and photographs. Space is more valuable than sentiment.

The outfit for the wheel is quite as important as the outfit for the girl. On no account must the pump, lamp or bell be forgotten. Besides the customary tools, it is well to place in the tool kit a box of matches, a piece of copper wire, a few extra nuts and washers, a tiny oil can and the tire outfit.

Whether the biking girl is with a party or with one or two friends, she will be wise to carry her own map, on which her trip is carefully outlined. She is then free to take an extra spurt ahead if she wishes or to loiter behind and rest without anxiety or fear of missing her connections later on.

The costume for such a vacation trip is an important matter. The underclothing is as light and simple as possible, consisting of bloomers or tights with a lawn lining next the skin, lisle thread undervests and a gauze corset, and, by the way, it is an excellent plan to have a second corset, if there is room in the carrier. Tights are rather superseding bloomers as an undergarment for bicyclists. They are cooler, less bulky and less apt to catch on the machine in mounting, and they are invariably used in riding a "diamond frame" machine. They can be gotten in lisle thread, wool or cotton, in black, white and gray. The suit itself should consist of skirt, jacket and shirt waist or sailor blouse; the material should be summer storm serge, waterproof cheviot or tweed.

But the pride of the progressive rider this season is centered in her new "diamond-frame" skirt. This skirt, which is especially designed for the girl who rides her brother's wheel, is a clever combination of divided skirt and walking skirt, each complete, and in no way suggesting the other.

The change is wrought by a narrow front panel of the material which buttons down on either side of the folds of the skirts. To make the skirt practicable for the "diamond-frame" the panel is unbuttoned on the left side, folded together and buttoned over flat on the right side and then laid back under a fold of the full divided skirt out of sight and in no way ungraceful or bulky. As the back of the skirt is divided in the regulation fashion, the wearer can mount a "diamond-frame" without the slightest difficulty, the folds of the skirt dropping either side of the bar, partly hiding it and having much the effect of bloomers on a "drop-frame" wheel. This skirt is, strange to say, the invention of a man, and, equally strange to say, men warmly advocate the "diamond-frame" for women riders, as safer and easier.

There are a variety of new skirts in the market this year, two of the best having been designed by a woman, Mrs. Lena Sitting, of Brooklyn. All the new skirts are shorter, being cut fully eight inches from the ground, and as a consequence the new boots are high, reaching quite to the knees.

If this '97 bicycle girl intends to camp out at the end of her journey she makes a few changes in the interior of her luggage carrier. The silk skirt and lawn waist are left out and in their place is a sailor suit of light-weight flannel, unlined and made to be worn without corsets. The skirt is full and short and the waist is loose and run on an elastic at the waist, true sailor fashion.

Bicycle camping parties are undoubtedly the most delightful novelty this season has to offer in the way of summer outing, and all that is required is a sensible girl, a "diamond-frame" wheel, an adjustable skirt, a love of outdoor life and a very little ready money.

A Cannabinl Habit,

A poor woman who kept a small shop in a northern village, and who was troubled with a husband who could scarcely be considered a credit to the family, one day found herself a widow through the sudden demise of her spouse. Said a lady: "I am sure, Mrs. G——, you must miss your husband."

"Well, mum, it do seem queer to go into the shop and find something in the till."—London Tit-Bits.

Healthy Region.

"Is your country healthful?"

"Healthful? Well, I should say so. Everybody is healthy down our way, even the invalids."—L'Illustre de Poche.